

THE NEW WOMAN.

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DUPLICATE STREETS.

We have all, as children, made pious, but the children at a hot spring at Gandakia, Mexico, cook there, eat them and, besides that, ask pocket money by selling them to tourists as souvenirs. A peculiar yellow clay is found there, and the natives say that the mud pie made of it by the children are not ill favored. They speak from the recollections of childhood, though, I think, as I never saw mud pies, I cannot say. There is an interesting legend connected with the spring. It is said to have been of miraculous origin. An aged pilgrim, footsore, weary and hungry, lay down to rest where the spring now is. He had not a morsel to eat for three days, and there was no village, or house even, for many miles.

A rabbit had been caught in a thicket, even as the goat was that said Abraham's hand. There was no means of procuring food, however. The pilgrim had the faith that moves mountains. Planting his foot in the yielding soil, he stood up and prayed for succor. A spring gushed out, as the water bubbled from the rock when Moses smote it with his rod, only this spring was of hot water. The pilgrim saw and cooked the rabbit. He baked his weary limbs in the water which he caught in a gourd and then allowed to cool, and then found that the waters had healing properties, for the bleeding wounds on his feet, sustained in his pilgrimages, were made well. The pilgrim afterward became a noted saint, adored to this day in the Mexican calendar, and the hot spring has never ceased to flow.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Artificial Ear-drums.
It appears that very satisfactory results have been obtained from the use of the new and improved artificial tympanum some time since brought to notice. It is stated that in many cases of chronic middle ear disease marked benefit has followed the insertion of the device into the meatus, though the most striking successes have occurred in patients laboring under perforation of the membrana tympani, the artificial drumhead proving satisfactory, being also sometimes extremely useful in cases of accommodative loss from alterations in the contents of the tympanum, in which the eustachian tube was unobstructed and the naso-pharynx fairly healthy.

The immediate improvement in the hearing power is an important fact in this case, the intensity of the resonant vibration being at once increased, and sounds are clearly defined which before appeared to be only confusion. The sensibility, too, of the organ is so much improved and the sense of hearing so much changed that the patient does not appear deaf during conversation. Others, again, laboring under perforation, but without serious deafness, use them as protectors with decided comfort, in such cases the artificial drumhead forming a screen between the middle ear and external air, and acting as an efficient shield from the dangers of exposure.—Philadelphia Record.

The Ice Cream Diet.
A report in one of the medical journals from a well known physician of recovery in three cases of gastric ulcer following a diet of ice cream revives attention to the efficacy of this diet in certain forms of dyspepsia. The first patient of 25 years was a woman of 35, who had lost 25 pounds from inability to assimilate food and also suffered great pain. She was put on the ice cream diet, and for two months she consumed from one to three quarts daily. By the end of that time she had gained 25 pounds, and her ordinary diet was resumed.

The theory is that the healthy intestines recover first from the chill of the frozen food and do the digestive work, giving the digestive tract rest and semi-inactivity, while the cream affords ample and excellent nourishment. Physicians who prescribe the diet are careful to avoid chemical flavorings and prefer, usually insist upon, the ice cream being made at home of pure materials and under the best conditions.

Mounting a Camel.
To mount a camel for the first time is for a Howaji, until he gets the hang of it, a complicated and anxious process. The first risk is that the animal will rise while the rider is climbing into the saddle. This he will inevitably do if the attendant has forgotten to place his foot on the camel's knee.

The novice having settled in the saddle, which is like a flat wooden tray on the top of a hump, and taken a tight grip of the "bars," of which there is one in front and one behind, waits in suspense, wondering which end of the animal means to get up first. The action, when it does begin, is a violent start, a series of jerks, which impel him alternately in the direction of the head and tail, until, if he is lucky, he finds himself 10 feet from the ground.—Nineteenth Century.

Truly Democratic.
Small Son—Is boy getting up a dog show, and I bet our Pido will take the prize.
Father—Pido has no pedigree.
Small Son—That risk is not an European aristocratic affair. This is an American dog show.—Good News.

Liberty to Know if She Continues to Try to Attract Him.
If the human race is to endure and if civilization is to advance, the relations between the sexes must not permanently be relations of rivalry. Men and women are not made to struggle with one another for the advantages of life, but mutually to aid one another in reaping those advantages. That "sweet love" of which the poet speaks is given as the reward of right relations between man and woman, and, where other guidance is lacking, we may profitably ask whether any given line of conduct tends to the gaining or the sacrificing of the reward. If to the former, then it may safely be said to be right conduct; if to the latter, wrong.

What it is clear that man has to do in these latter days is to frame to himself a higher and more complete ideal of manhood than he has hitherto on the whole entertained and try to live up to it. The awakened womanhood of the age—when allowance has been made for all that is hysterical and morbid and heartless in contemporary feminine utterances—summons him most clearly and distinctly to walk henceforth on higher levels in the strength of a nobler self-control. Then he has to recognize in the full extent, without a particle of reservation, that he has in woman not a weaker shadow of himself, not a reflection of his glory nor a minister to his pleasures, but a divinely bestowed helpmeet, to whom special powers and faculties have been imparted for the interpretation of truth and the beautifying of life.

The ancient Grecian, Tacitus tells us, used to recognize a certain divine power of intuition in their women, and if they did it was probably not without cause. The phenomenon is not an extinct one in our own day, and we venture to say that its frequency will wax or wane according to the respect paid not by man only, but by woman herself, to all in her nature that is most distinctive of womanhood. It is far from certain that woman always recognizes what her own best gifts are, and there is, in our opinion, a specific danger lest, in her own born zeal for a masculine equipment of knowledge, she relates to the subject matter of her own truth of perception which is of more importance, we may almost say, than all formal knowledge.—Popular Science Monthly.

Chinese Farming.
The plowing of the Chinese is very poor. They scarcely do more than scratch the surface of the ground with their heavy iron wheels, which are toothed drills and vickerwork harrows, and instead of straight lines, so dear to the eye of a western farmer, the ridges and furrows are as crooked as serpents. The real secret of the Chinese success lies in the care, truth of perception which is of more importance, we may almost say, than all formal knowledge.—Popular Science Monthly.

Apple Diet For the Skin.
A ripe raw apple is one of the easiest foods for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of digestion only consuming 85 minutes. The malic acid of ripe apples, cooked or raw, helps to digest meat and to stimulate the liver and neutralize the eliminatory matters which, unless eliminated, produce skin eruptions. Apples are not as satisfying as potatoes because of their delicate elements, but eaten with meat in place of tubers they are a golden food. The salts and acids in the stomach, the phosphorus is thought to be a nerve builder, and women of all ages since Eve's days like to believe that the "food of the gods" imparted its delicate white to the flesh. Why not? Best eaters and wine drinkers are red.—Popular Magazine.

An Error Corrected.
Reporter—Did you say your daughter's wedding dress was trimmed with duchess lace?
Mrs. McEldon—Not by a long shot! It was trimmed with the finest quality of Irish point. There wasn't a wisp of Dutch lace in her whole trousseau.—New York Herald.

Over 20 boys under 18 years of age have won the Victoria cross.

There are 5,840 streets and avenues in Boston against 1,060 in New York. Directory searching in the United States is a many compared to what it is in Europe.
It may be interesting to know that in Boston there are 455 genuine duplicates of street names, over twice as many as can be found together in the directories of the four great cities of London, Paris, New York and Chicago, with a total of 15 times the number of streets in Boston.

In Paris there are some 90 duplicates, 120 in London, 3 in New York and none in Chicago so far as can be found in the directory.

Philadelphia comes nearest the hub in this matter of duplicate names of streets, that city being able to boast of some 200.
The clerks in the federal building in Boston invent all manner of schemes to aid their memory in the present street nomenclature. Recently Superintendent Field hit upon the plan of arranging the streets of the Back Bay in a sort of alphabetical jingle, and the clerks sing them to tune. This is the way they go: Arlington, Berkeley, Cleveland, Dartmouth, Exeter, Fairfield, Gloucester, Hereford, Altham, Blackwood, Cumberland, Durham, Follen, Gainsboro, Harcourt, Irvington.

East Boston is the most noted district of the city for its streets with famous names. There are the poets Addison, Byron, Chaucer, Cowper, Homer, Milton, Moore and Pope, and the saints, Agnes, Kneller, Reynolds, Vanities.

Everett, Sumner, Webster, three American statesmen, are found there, and those battles of the Revolution: Lexington, Bennington, Bunker's Monument, Princeton, and top, Trenton. Some are named after great cities of the world: Bremen, Hamburg, Havre, Liverpool, London, Orleans, Paris. The Condor, Eagle and Falcon must be remembered by the postman, and the generals: Brooks, Decatur, Marion, Porter, Prescott, Putnam.

Just before each batch of misdirected letters is turned over to the directory searchers they are passed upon by an expert clerk, one who has been in the service longest and one who will come nearest to remembering all the members of firms, their changes, transfers and present whereabouts.—Exchange.

What Is "Betterment?"
There has been a great deal of talk of late about "betterment," and it has come to be commonly understood that for the word as well as for the principle we are indebted to our friends across the Atlantic. But, according to some remarks which recently appeared in a London evening paper, commenting on the evidence given before the house of lords' committee on betterment, by General Vile, formerly a member of the United States congress, such is not the case.

In replying to one of the questions put to him by the committee, General Vile stated that "betterment" is not an American word; neither is "worsement." The word used in America is "worsement," not "betterment." "We were all under the impression that the word was of transatlantic origin," remarked the Marquis of Salisbury. "Then you are all wrong," answered the general. "The word is not to be found in the English language current in America." As this word will most likely become exceedingly popular in the course of time and will probably capture the attention of some future lexicographer, it is well worth while to chronicle the above information.—Notes and Queries.

Scottish Ambition.
His pushing ambition is another of the commonplaces of criticism in respect of the Scot. Apropos of this, the oft quoted or misquoted remark of Johnson at a metropolitan tavern naturally comes up. "Sir, the noblest prospect that a Scotchman ever sees is the highroad that leads him to London." And were the great "hogshead of sense" alive and among us now, he would have to have withdrawn the observation, for the Scotchman is generally gone hand in hand with his efforts to acquire knowledge.—Scottish Review.

Bicycles and Shoe Sales.
In talking with a shoe dealer he advanced a strange idea during the following conversation: "I tell you bicycles hurt the shoe business, and the more bicycles are sold the less number of shoes will be disposed of."
"How do you make that out?"
"Why, it is plain enough that people don't walk so much since bicycles have come into vogue. The shoe people who walked before, that shoe people now."—Hartford Post.

Sportsmen, College-men, Athletes, Busy-men, Women, and all young hearted folks delight in...
Outing.
In the hammock... during long summer days and about the family hearth when the north wind blows, it is a favorite ever with young and old.
It is the stout apostle of pure minds, pure hearts, pure lives. It fosters every pastime and healthful exercise. It is a wonderful agent for recalling time-sweetened memories. Its pages mirror the sports of every land. It teaches that a strong mind in a strong body brings success.
SEND 2 CENT STAMP FOR SAMPLE.
THE OUTING CO. LTD., NEW YORK.

The First Step.
Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic, and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the kidneys and Liver resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50 cents at W. S. Lloyd's Drug Store.

FREE COINAGE OF SILVER.
The free and unlimited coinage of silver, the product of American mines, at the old ratio of 16 of silver to 1 of gold, is the only solution of and remedy for the disturbed and unsatisfactory condition of trade, manufacture and general business of the country. The surreptitious act of 1873, divorcing silver and gold in our monetary system, was a crime of untold magnitude. It was the rankest kind of class legislation in favor of the wealthy against the producers of wealth, and hostile to the prosperity of the United States. It was an act of treason because done at the instance of a European syndicate and for bribe money, "giving aid and comfort to our country's enemies." To shield the guilty parties, the well authenticated facts, often published, have been vigorously denied.
The Enquirer will continue to expose this unpardonable crime until right and justice are done the people by the full restoration of silver to its old companionship with gold. We need the assistance of the people in disseminating the truth, to which end we invite all in your selection of papers for the coming season to include the Enquirer, that costs only \$1.00 a year. (Issued twice a week.)
Liberal commissions and cash rewards given to club raisers. Sample copies free. ENQUIRER COMPANY, Cincinnati, O.

Brown's Iron Bitters
It Cures
Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.
Get only the genuine—has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are not genuine and will not cure. Beware of cheap imitations. A few bottles of the cure—Brown's Iron Bitters—will cure you. It is the only medicine that comes from the "Iron State" of Minnesota and is the most pleasant to take.

Deafness Cannot be Cured
By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflammation caused by the mucous surfaces.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c. 11-4t

A Little Girl's Experience in a Lighthouse.
Mr. and Mrs. Loren F. Prescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter four years old. Last April she was taken down with Measles, followed with a dreadful Cough and turning into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "haufdful of bones."—Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial free at W. S. Lloyd's drugstore.

Cincinnati Live Stock Market.
Union Stock yards, Oct. 20.—Receipts—Hogs, 796 head; cattle, 68; sheep, 221. Shipments—Hogs, 947 head; cattle, 202; sheep, 1185.
HOGS—Market dull, 10c lower. Select shippers, none; select butchers, \$4.70 to 4.75; fair to good packers, \$4.50 to 4.70; fair to good light, \$4.50 to 4.75; common and rough, \$4.50 to 4.75.
CATTLE—Market steady. Good shippers, \$4.40 to 4.50; medium to choice, \$3.75 to 4.25; fair to medium, \$2.75 to 3.00; common, \$2.50 to 2.75.
SHEEP—Market slow and weak. Extras, \$3 good to choice, \$2.25 to 2.50; common to fair, 75c to \$1.75.
LAMBS—Market weak. Extras, \$3.50 to 3.65; good to choice, \$2.25 to 2.50; fair to good, \$1.50 to 2.50.
VEAL CALVES—Market steady. Fair to good light, \$4.50 to 5.25; common and large, \$2.50 to 3.50.

Notice! Notice!
Our accounts are now in the hands of Mr. R. A. Chiles for Collection. Call on him and settle, thus saving costs.
11-3t KENNEDY BROS.

Lost Cow.
Red Shorthorn cow, two or three years old, thin in flesh. She is wearing in her ear with Mr. George Hamilton's mark on it. Any information leading to her recovery will be appreciated by
CASHWELL PERWITT.

Tablet's Pile Ointment
CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.
A SURE AND CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY FOR PILES.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Prepared by H. H. HARRISON, N. Y.

ON THE QUAY.

Let me see the end of the way washed quay,
Where the sunbeams, adding melody
Of the rippling waves, sound the distance
Brightly.
A sail
Shone like a star on my watching sight.
Where a bird's wing, faded in the distance
Brightly.
Each wave was a silvered gleam of light.
I will tell you
To come to the level that are waiting here,
Or willing white, bringing down and
Up.
Make the ocean but a true heart's bier?
God knows.
Be sure in the questioning human mind,
If the lover a heavenly port shall find,
God's hand guides over the water wind
That blows.
Ah, but my sail, with the sails of ease
Enriched with love, come years ago
I dream of those happy days, said I
I see.
The lapping waves with the radiant dash
Of a silvered sunbeam's brilliant flash
I hear the sound of its measured splash.
Ah, me.
Over the waves of eternity's sea
That boat has been drifting away from me.
The night is so misty I cannot see
The face.
But the time will come when a shadowy sail
Comes tossing so near with a keelman's pace,
I shall hasten to answer the welcome hail.
My place
I take, and the billows, fearless, rise,
And the wind, kind, and the sun, kind,
My love will be waiting the other side.
I see.
In the winter's pale on the windward bay,
In a storm of rain or the lightning's play,
I pray it may be on the summer day
I go.
—A. M. B. Cox in Good Housekeeping.

A VICTIM OF TWINS.

Mr. and Mrs. Prescott stood on the piazza at the side of their cottage by the sea watching the twins. Standing with their backs to their parents, these young gentlemen were proudly regarding a gigantic black net at the end of their common court. Directly behind the net was a small grove of scrubby pine which in the twilight shone merely as an irregular blotch of black.

Dressed alike in suits of white flannel, the twins appeared against this in bold relief, like white silhouettes.

The black spot which the twins were proudly regarding was to tell the truth, rather stark. But had somewhere found an old fish-net, which they had nailed to two poles. So much of the work had been easy, but the task of setting the poles upright in the ground had been difficult.

When the uplights were finally planted and their bases abundantly bolstered with rocks, they appeared desirous to fall into each other's arms, like long and tender friends. A tennis ball driven swiftly and accurately into the center of the net would undoubtedly have brought them together. But the twins thought their work perfect.

Mr. Prescott casually noticed that one of the boys had his hands in his pockets.

"Tell him," said he to his wife, "to take his hands out of his pockets."

"Is it Max or Mort?" asked the mother.

"Oh, I don't know!" said her husband.

"Neither do I," returned his wife. They both laughed a little.

"Why did you let them get those ridiculous white suits?" asked Mr. Prescott. "In that dress it is impossible to tell them apart."

"Well, ask them to turn round," said his wife.

"Oh, boys!" called Mrs. Prescott. The twins turned with precision and faced their parents expectantly. The one on the left wore a blue, the one on the right a red scarf. The one on the left was Mort; the one on the right was Max.

he and odd jobs about town, but for the most part he loafed.

On this particular evening Hodjiah was on his way to join some cronies who were going out in the distance to fish. Until Mr. and Mrs. Prescott had driven by him he walked as if on his way to the bedside of a dying friend. Then he began to loiter as if it had suddenly occurred to him that his friend's name was Methuselah. And as he loitered he thought:

"That ere city chap that lost drove by," he said to himself, "was a mighty sick looking fellow. Guess they ain't been sufferin' much up here for lives for a meal of victuals. Hain't I let all they've got, most likely. Got so much on hand prob'ly they have to feed cold roast chicken and mince pie to the pigs every mornin'. Wouldn't be surprised a mite if that was so."

"Why, my soul and body, it's a sin and shame," his thought went on, "that a fellow like me, who's got no sense in pumpern pips no such a fashion now. I guess 'twould be doin' no harm if I sh'd kinder get ahead of that feller's piper. Ain't I likely they'd keep on havin' no particular preference for roast chicken, so far as I know n. I guess that city feller'd jist as lives f'om on plain wile, jist for cause. It'd be a pity if them pigs be havin' deprey, concluded Hodjiah in a warm glow of philanthropy as he thrust an enterprising leg over the fence. As he landed on the other side he gave a startled "Ugh!" Then he laughed. The laugh came when he discovered that the white thing he had stepped on was nothing more harmful than a piece of linen, blown probably from the Prescotts' clothesline.

"I guess there ain't nothin white that wouldn't scare me all ter flinders in the dark," he reflected. "They do say there ain't no such a thing as a free lunch. Moby there ain't. There ain't likely to be none in this here orchard anyhow. Ghos's ain't constituted right for eatin' up, not accordin to what I've heard tell, though, per centry, green apples ain't likely to do 'em much hurt neither. Anyhow I'll risk it."

So saying, Hodjiah slunk among the trees of the Prescott orchard, there to await the proper moment for springing into attack upon the Prescott pantry.

The twins, like the good boys they were, went to bed at the hour of 9. Once in bed, however, they thought it no sin to enjoy a vigorous if brief fight with the enemy who was in full flight, uttered a whoop of victory.

"Come on, Max; come on!" he shouted and plunged after the flying Hodjiah.

"The candle went out. Mort lunged it away. His long nightgown bothered him; but, like a racer who girds up his loins, he gathered it about him and away! so excited he scarcely knew what he was doing. Seriously in this moment he was an odd figure of a ghost.

The frightened Hodjiah ran wildly on. Once he looked over his shoulder. There behind him followed the white figure and seemed to his bewildered imagination fairly to fly over the ground. Indeed Mort was close upon his heels.

With the energy of despair Hodjiah redoubled his pace and ran for his life, but he could not, and nothing! what clinging horror was this in which he felt himself tripped and fallen and hideously enmeshed as he now exagorated spider's web?

Max saw the burglar clear headlong in the twinkling of an eye. Then, poles, not men, all came in one confused heap to earth. Whooping like an Indian, Mort circled about the sprawling and loitering man. Then he darted upon him as a spider darts upon a fly, and in three seconds more had him so thoroughly wrapped up and enveloped in the net that escape was impossible.

Finally, to make assurance doubly sure, he lay down—a solid ghost!—plumply on Hodjiah's neck. From this novel resting place, to an accompaniment of gasps and gurgles from beneath, he began hallooing to his husband.

"Come on, Max," he called. "I've got him!"

Max, on recovering consciousness, was at first decidedly dazed. He did not know what he had happened to him. He felt that the floor was hard and that his head ached. All else was a blank. For a minute he lay quiet. Then, feeling a little stronger, he raised himself upon his knees.

as if with a brand. In a second more wild remorse filled his heart, mingled with fear. He arose and fled. He had entered the house by one of the back doors which in the darkness opened from the sitting room upon the piazza at the side. To reach the sitting room he must pass through the front hall. Thither consequently he rushed, careless now what noise he made.

With an increase of panic, he perceived that a soft light pervaded the hall. Casting his eyes upward, he saw a slight figure from his blood.

He was on the landing at the elbow of the stairway, stood the double of him who lay white and still in the room beyond. One hand of the figure rested lightly on the stair rail; the other held aloft a small candle, the pale light of which dwined mysteriously in the folds of the long white robe that fell in straight lines from the youthful shoulders, gave strange glints of gold to the Auburn hair that crowned the head like an aureole and caused the dark eyes to shine with a brilliancy that seemed supernatural.

Indeed under the soft flame of the candle Mort shook the thought of flight which his mother thought him sometimes. To the pitiable scoundrel, a prey to superstitious terror, below he was a visitor from another world, whose beauty made him the more appalling.

Hodjiah, in fact, found meeting a ghost as discomposing as his fondest fancy had painted. He felt cold about the roots of his hair. His spine seemed like a block of ice. He had no strength in his knees. His eyes bulged out. His feet seemed fastened as with rivets to the floor, and he trembled.

The two stood there a moment gazing at each other. Naturally Mort was the first to recover his self possession. For him the encounter held little that was terrifying.

He was not indeed quite sure that what he saw was not his wife, a gawky fellow who seemed badly scared, though in the dim light it seemed to be. Anyway, if the intruder was frightened, he reflected sagely, why should he himself be?

So to make sure, he put out one white foot and with questioning eyes stepped down one stair.

The movement was too much for Hodjiah. With a gurgled yell he sprang into the sitting room, and through the window, cleared the piazza at a bound and sped toward the grove of pines at the rear of the house.

Mort, stopping to comprehend no more than that the enemy was in full flight, uttered a whoop of victory.

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dark and heard his brother's voice calling:

"Come on, Max, help me hold this burglar!"

The word "burglar" cured Max at once of all his pains. In his excitement he no longer took count of so small an ill as a headache.

"I'm coming!" he shouted. "I'm coming!"

"Sit on his legs and stop his kicking," said Mort breathlessly when his brother arrived. "There, that's it. He's all right now, I guess. Just think, Max, we've caught a burglar! I guess father won't laugh at us any more now. My, won't he be surprised? I wish I had that pie, just the same!"

"I've got it," said Max, and the boys began munching the pie, seated tranquilly on Hodjiah's back.

As they ate the boys talked.

"I'd like to know where you've been all the time, Max," said Mort.

"Why, I ran into a door or something, and it jist laid me flat. I didn't hear anything till you called. Say, where'd you find the burglar? Was he in our room? My, if I'd seen him!"

"I've n't the room," said Mort. "I heard you tumble, but didn't think anything of it. Then you didn't come back, and I was afraid you was eating all the pie. And I met the burglar in the hall. You bet he was scared, though!"

Hodjiah, who had been lying still for a few moments collecting his scattered senses, now spoke.

"Do you fellows both alive?" he asked doubtfully.

"Well, I rather guess we are!" said Mort.

"Waal," said Hodjiah, "I'm very glad on it; you kin bet your bottom dollar on that without much risk, now I tell you." He heaved a sigh of unutterable relief.

"What does he mean?" said Max to Mort.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mort.

"How comes it that you two fellows look so consarnedly alike?" asked Hodjiah after a pause.

"We're twins!" said Max.

"Oh, ye be, ye?" muttered Mr. Sterling. "Say," he resumed after a moment's thought, "ye neebn't be off'n me none of that pie, 'cause I don't want none."

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Chesapeake and Ohio
RAILWAY.
New York,
Philadelphia
Washington,
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And all Eastern Cities.

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Washington Accommodation No. 35	8:50 p.m.
Verulam Express No. 35	1:22 p.m.
Mt. Sterling Accom. No. 35	7:50 p.m.

Solid vestibuled trains with dining cars. No bus transfer.
Through sleepers from Lexington without change.
G. W. BARNEY, Dist. Pass. Agent, Lexington, Ky.
C. R. RYAN, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Cincinnati, O.
H. W. FULLER, Gen. Pass. Agent, Washington, D. C.

Kentucky Midland Ry.

—Shortest and quickest between—
CINCINNATI AND FRANKFORT.
—Only direct line between—
Frankfort, Georgetown and Paris, Castles, Mayfield, Corydon, Falmouth and Covington.

—ASK FOR TICKETS VIA KY. MIDLAND—

Trains Run By Central Standard Time.

TIME TABLE APRIL 1, 1894.

TRAINS EAST. (No. 1) No. 10

	AM	PM	PM
Frankfort	7:00	4:30	10:00
Paris	7:11	4:43	10:10
Georgetown	7:22	4:54	10:20
Castles	7:33	5:05	10:30
Mayfield	7:44	5:16	10:40
Corydon	7:55	5:27	10:50
Falmouth	8:06	5:38	11:00
Covington	8:17	5:49	11:10
Cincinnati	8:28	6:00	11:20

TRAINS WEST. (No. 2) No. 4

	AM	PM	PM
Cincinnati	9:05	6:08	4:40
Frankfort	9:16	6:19	4:50
Paris	9:27	6:30	5:00
Georgetown	9:38	6:41	5:10
Castles	9:49	6:52	5:20
Mayfield	10:00	7:03	5:30
Corydon	10:11	7:14	5:40
Falmouth	10:22	7:25	5:50
Covington	10:33	7:36	6:00
Cincinnati	10:44	7:47	6:10

Connects with L. & N. at Cincinnati, and with Q. & C. and L. & N. at Lexington, Ky.

SUNDAY TRAINS.
Leave Frankfort 9:00 a. m., Arr. Georgetown 10:00 a. m., Arr. Lexington 11:00 a. m.

The Kentucky Midland Railway and connections from the cheapest and shortest route to all points south and west.

For further information apply to your agents, or to
G. H. RYAN, C. P. & T. P. Agent,
GEO. W. BARNEY, Gen. Supt.

Wood's Phosphorine.
THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.
Promotes and purifies the blood, cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Rheumatism, Gout, and all other ailments of the blood. It is the only medicine that cures the blood, and is the only one that cures the blood.

T. G. JULIAN,
CORNER DRUG STORE.
School Books
And other
Supplies.
No Fancy Prices.
Paints and Oils.
Fine Tobaccos.

SHOES.
HOME MADE TO ORDER.
BEST STOCK AND ANY STYLE DESIRED.
Best Calf, pegged to fit the foot. \$4.00
Best Calf, hand sewed. 3.50
Best Calf, hand sewed. 3.00
Best Calf, hand sewed. 2.50
Best Calf, hand sewed. 2.00
Best Calf, hand sewed. 1.50
Best Calf, hand sewed. 1.00
Best Calf, hand sewed. 0.50
Best Calf, hand sewed. 0.25
Best Calf, hand sewed. 0.10
Best Calf, hand sewed. 0.05
Best Calf, hand sewed. 0.01

Home Steam Laundry.
No better work anywhere. Prices the same and money circulated at home.

Louisville & Nashville R. R.

(KENTUCKY CENTRAL DIV.)

Schedule in effect Jan. 28, 1894.

South Bound.

No. 1	No. 5	No. 9	No. 13
Express	Fast	Fast	Fast
Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily
Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.
Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.

Frankfort, Georgetown and Paris, Castles, Mayfield, Corydon, Falmouth and Covington.

Frankfort	Paris	Georgetown	Castles	Mayfield	Corydon	Falmouth	Covington
7:00 a.m.	7:11 a.m.	7:22 a.m.	7:33 a.m.	7:44 a.m.	7:55 a.m.	8:06 a.m.	8:17 a.m.
4:30 p.m.	4:43 p.m.	4:54 p.m.	5:05 p.m.	5:16 p.m.	5:27 p.m.	5:38 p.m.	5:49 p.m.
10:00 p.m.	10:10 p.m.	10:20 p.m.	10:30 p.m.	10:40 p.m.	10:50 p.m.	11:00 p.m.	11:10 p.m.
11:20 p.m.	11:30 p.m.	11:40 p.m.	11:50 p.m.	12:00 p.m.	12:10 p.m.	12:20 p.m.	12:30 p.m.

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4:30 p.m.	4:43 p.m.	4:54 p.m.	5:05 p.m.	5:16 p.m.	5:27 p.m.	5:38 p.m.	5:49 p.m.
10:00 p.m.	10:10 p.m.	10:20 p.m.	10:30 p.m.	10:40 p.m.	10:50 p.m.	11:00 p.m.	11:10 p.m.
11:20 p.m.	11:30 p.m.	11:40 p.m.	11:50 p.m.	12:00 p.m.	12:10 p.m.	12:20 p.m.	12:30 p.m.

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4:30 p.m.	4:43 p.m.	4:54 p.m.	5:05 p.m.	5:16 p.m.	5:27 p.m.	5:38 p.m.	5:49 p.m.
10:00 p.m.	10:10 p.m.	10:20 p.m.	10:30 p.m.	10:40 p.m.	10:50 p.m.	11:00 p.m.	11:10 p.m.
11:20 p.m.	11:30 p.m.	11:40 p.m.	11:50 p.m.	12:00 p.m.	12:10 p.m.	12:20 p.m.	12:30 p.m.

Frankfort, Georgetown and Paris, Castles, Mayfield, Corydon, Falmouth and Covington.

Frankfort	Paris	Georgetown	Castles	Mayfield	Corydon	Falmouth	Covington

ADVOCATE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Tuesday, October 30, 1894.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Railroad Commissioner.
We are authorized to announce John C. Wood as a candidate for Railroad Commissioner, for the Eastern District of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Republican party.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Election, Tuesday, November 6, For Congress,

HON. JO. M. KENDALL,
of Floyd county.

For Congress,
(short term)

HON. W. M. BECKNER,
of Clark county.

I am a candidate for Constable of the 3rd district, composed of the precincts of Spencer, Howard's Mill and Hart, subject to the will of the Democratic voters at the November election 1894.

H. L. WILLIAMS.

County Ticket.

County Judge,
A. B. WHITE.

County Attorney,
A. A. HAZELRIGG.

County Clerk,
LUCIEN B. GREENE.

Sheriff,
WILLIAM SLEDD.

Jailer,
J. W. CHENAULT.

Assessor,
ALLEN MCCORMICK.

Coroner,
GEORGE C. EASTIN.

Surveyor,
J. M. OLIVER.

Magistrate, District No. 1,
HOWARD C. HOWELL.

Constable, District No. 1,
M. C. CLAY.

Magistrate, District No. 2,
JOHN W. MORRIS.

Constable, District No. 2,
JAMES GIBBONS.

Magistrate, District No. 3,
R. B. CROOKS.

Constable, District No. 3,
HENRY C. DUFF.

Magistrate, District No. 4,
JOHN TRIMBLE.

Constable, District No. 4,
ROBT. CHAMBERS.



Put your X inside the square.
This votes the ticket straight.

Vote early.

Vote the straight ticket.

Vote for the white man's nominees.

Mat Clay has made a good officer, then continue him in office. He is a Democrat, vote for him for that reason also.

Col. Jon B. Natt, candidate for Commissioner of Agriculture, was in the city Monday mixing with our people. Col. Natt will have no trouble to get the nomination and to be elected. He is strictly an agriculturalist, in touch with all agricultural interests, both as a practical farmer and as an editor of a farm journal.

Democrats, go ye to the polls; early to-day, and vote for your freedom. It is within the memory of men living to-day who were compelled to cast their votes when negroes stood guard at the polls with fixed bayonets. Mr. Mat Anderson remembers the day, and cast his vote in this county under these circumstances. Place the Republicans in charge of the South and they will repeat the dose. Haven't they threatened it? What did they want with the Force Bill, which the editor of the Gazette was so much in love with? They only wanted opportunity.

Somebody Has Lied.

The Gazette in its last issue devotes columns after columns to Judge Apperson's administration of the county affairs. We are not posing as the defender of, or apologist for, Judge Apperson, the man. He is a man among men, who is simply able to take care of himself. In any controversy in which he is personally interested, he would not thank any newspaper to assume his defense. But when it comes to his official acts it is different. We claim the right, and shall exercise it, whether it suits him or any one else, to reply to the strictures and vilely false accusations of the Republican organ over the way. The editor of that paper dared to assert, at the beginning of the campaign, that Mr. O'Rear had openly charged that there was something wrong with the management of county affairs, during Judge Apperson's term, and that the charge went unrefuted. He must have known that he did not state a fact when he made that statement; for in the very next issue, for reasons best known to himself, he corrected it. In his issue of October 31st he virtually repeats this same infamous and wholly without foundation, statement. He knows that Mr. O'Rear, when called to account for his insubordination, did distinctly and unqualifiedly state that he (O'Rear) was thoroughly satisfied that there was nothing that had even the appearance of crookedness during the past eight years. The editor of the Gazette could not have failed to hear Mr. O'Rear's complete back-down from his first assertion. The committee appointed by the County Court, composed of some of the very best men in the county, who could neither be begged, bullied or bought over to make themselves parties to any kind of a white-washing scheme, state positively and distinctly that they have examined these records and find them straight and clean. Now, there is but one of two things true: either that committee lied or the editor of the Gazette has done so. We do not believe, nor do we think there is a decent man in the county who does believe, that the men who compose that committee would make themselves party to a falsehood.

Vote for A. B. White because he is a Democrat and represents the principles of his party. Vote against Ed C. O'Rear because he is a Republican, and represents the practices of his party.

Lucian F. Greene is a Democrat, who has never failed to be found standing up for his party when it needed him; he is a Democrat as true and faithful as any man who lives. Kirkpatrick is a Republican with all that attaches to the party of which he is a fair representative.

Mat Clay is not a whit behind either Mr. White or Mr. Greene in his fealty to party principle. He has been tried in the office he seeks at your hands, and has rendered to you that prompt and efficient service that you wished. Wallace McMahon, if he is anything, is a Republican who blindly and strictly follows the beliefs of his party leaders, be those beliefs what they may.

White, Greene and Clay are Democrats; O'Rear, Kirkpatrick and McMahon are Republicans. This simple fact should be all that a good Democrat needs to tell him how he should vote.

To-day is to be fought all over this great country a wonderful battle. True, it is a bloodless one, but nevertheless as variable a one as Mission Ridge or the Wilderness. The questions at issue will be decided by the people to-day as their judgment or their personal interests may direct. This is an "off year" it is true, but there will be no doubt, he a tell vote polled all over the country. Both the great parties have been exceedingly active in their endeavors to bring out their vote. Whether the Democrats shall retain entire control of the Government for the next two years depends upon the result of to-day's voting. It is the undoubted prerogative of the people to decide this question, and they will exercise this prerogative to-day. The eyes of the public are on the Congressional races, and Mr. Hill's great race for Governor of New York. It is a battle of the giants, and everybody is anxiously awaiting the result to see who is the "under fellow."

To-day tells the tale. Shall we have men whose party is mainly composed of negroes to fill our offices, or shall we have men who are representatives of white men to fill them?



As Mat Anderson Voted Once,

And as good Southern Democrats would have to do to-day if Republicans had their way.

Young Democrats, remember the insults to your fathers' liberty, and vote with the white man's party. This is no far-fetched story. It occurred in your own county of Montgomery and State of Kentucky. Sweet revenge is to keep your heel on the head of the Republican serpent.



One of Ed. O'Rear's handlers of his \$20 bills.

Gen. P. Watt Hardin, candidate for Governor, addressed the people of this city and county at the Court-house Saturday afternoon at two o'clock. Gen. Hardin made a grand speech. He laid before the audience the actions of the Republican party for more than thirty years; proved this party utterly incapable of running the Government, and their legislation the direct cause of the recent financial oppression. He showed from every utterance made by the Republican leaders that, were they restored to power, they would repeat their recent legislation and cancel every act of the Democratic party. We have had enough of such legislation, and the cry of the people is: "No more!"

The Democratic party has begun this good work and already prosperity comes in every branch of business and the wheels of machinery have been set in motion. Gen. Hardin's speech was well received and Democrats were strengthened in their faith and will work hard for an increased majority in the present election.

Mr. Hardin was on his return from Eastern Kentucky, where he had been doing a grand work for the past few weeks. He informed us that Eastern Kentucky was all right and every Democrat was lashed with the proper sense of duty, and the results would be gratifying to the party. Mr. Hardin added new friends to his host of old ones.

The Japanese are winning victories now as often as they can find a Chinese army willing to meet them. There has been heavy fighting north of Port Arthur, with the usual result. The Japanese captured the towns of Kinkow and Yellouwan. A naval engagement, of which the details are unknown, occurred Saturday.—Courier-Journal.



BEST FOR SHIRTS.
THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

We saw on the streets the other day an old rascal who is an accredited thief, lecherous vagabond and an unconscionable scoundrel generally, preaching what purported to be a sermon.

We read the other day in a paper that never has been accredited by the community in which it lives with any very high regard for decency or propriety, a lecture to its contemporaries on the manner of conducting their business.

Whenever the Devil turns preacher, or certain well known time servers assume the role of moral lecturers, it is well for the readers of their dissertations to look between the lines and see what is writ there.

Mr. W. J. Lampton of Washington, D. C., one of the real funny men of the world, famous in his writings in the Detroit Free Press, is doing some good work for the Courier-Journal, in writing up our best towns.

Mr. Sterling came in for her share in Saturday's issue. It is a complete article, representing our leading industries and giving a forecast of Mr. Sterling's bright future. Every revenue of the city, be they from our own county or other adjacent thereto had a mention, and comparing them with other cities, we are proud to know that we stand in the lead of our sister cities. Thank you, Bro. Lampton.

SHIP YOUR PRODUCE TO
KIRKPATRICK & JOHNSON
1011 Liberty St., Pittsburg, Pa.,
AND YOU WILL RECEIVE

The Highest Cash Prices!

—THEY EITHER—
Buy Outright
OR HANDLE ON COMMISSION

Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Poultry, Apples, Potatoes, Grain,
HIDES, ETC., ETC.
CAR LOTS A SPECIALTY.

SEND FOR OUR PRICE LIST.

ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING.

Artie Fitzpatrick, Whisky, and a Pistol Cause Some Excitement.

Marcus Dean, colored, Shot.

Yesterday afternoon in the Democratic Headquarters Artie Fitzpatrick, who was drunk was flourishing a pistol most prominently to suit some of the bystanders and Mat Clay caught the gun and undertook to take it away from him. At the same time Robert Cugley, another bystander, grabbed Fitzpatrick and tripped him. In the fall the gun went off and the ball from the weapon struck Marcus Dean, a trifling negro, who was standing by, just grazing his forehead. The hurt was only a flesh wound and it is fortunate that whisky and a pistol in the hands of a fool did not do more damage. Dr. Taulbee dressed the wound and the negro is able to go about as usual.

Teachers' Association.

The second Teachers' County Association met at Side View, Saturday, Oct. 26, 1894.

The meeting was called to order by the Supt. I. F. Horton. We are sorry to say the attendance was small. Our teachers do not take sufficient interest in the association. It is a comparatively new feature in Kentucky, and it deserves the hearty co-operation of the teachers.

Those present were highly entertained, first, by Prof. Marvin, on physiology. Prof. Marvin advocates the chart as an assistance to the textbook. He says the subject can be more clearly presented, and more thoroughly understood if the pupils are required to diagram it. He has certainly made a study of this subject, as his splendid explanation proved.

Mrs. Wilson then gave an instructive talk upon "How to teach United States History." She is a born teacher, and her subject was discussed in a clever manner.

Primary Geography was next discussed by Misses Willoughby and Dallas. Miss Dallas puts the theory—that a child can bring the three senses—seeing, feeling, and touch—into play upon an object, he said, if ever, for the impression thus received—into practice in teaching Geography. She has her pupils visit the creek, and point out capes, islands, straits, etc.

After a few minutes general discussion the meeting adjourned. N. N. X

Notice.

To whom it may concern:
All persons having claims against the estate of J. M. Armstrong are hereby notified that I will sit to receive claims against said estate, from November 5th to December 19th, 1894, at the store-house of W. P. Oldham & Co., in Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Notice is also hereby given that I have already filed a list of the claims heretofore presented and allowed against said estate, in the Montgomery County Court.

J. W. BURROUGHS,
Attorney of J. M. Armstrong.
15-4t

Those receiving money from the New Farmers' Bank should call on T. F. Rogers, Agent Safety Building & Loan Company, for safe investments. 14-5.

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes

I, or one of my Deputies, will on MONDAY, NOV. 19, 1894,

It being County Court Day, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., at the Court House door in Mt. Sterling, Montgomery county, Ky., expose to public sale to the highest bidder the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the taxes of Philip Hockingheimer for the years of 1891, 1892, 1893 and 1894, viz: 20 acres of land situated in Montgomery county, and bounded on the east by the lands of McKinney heirs, west by the lands of H. H. Ware, south by the lands of Ed. Hightley, north by the lands of Robert Garrett. Terms, cash.

Witness my hand this 15th day of October, 1894.

JOHN C. RICHARDSON,
12-4t Sheriff Montgomery Co.

Superintendent's Report of District Schools.

Pinn Lick School, District No. 25.—T. L. Marvin, teacher; certificate first-class; teacher well up to his duties and knows what it takes to make a school interesting; had a splendid review of studies and especially the review of his classes in Physiology was both interesting and instructive; highest number of pupils in attendance, 25; lowest, 12; present, 20; enrolled, 30; whole number of pupils in district, 97; draws from State \$266.75; various reasons for not having a better attendance at school; some too busy; some too far away, and some contrary; trustees visit school seldom.

Gum Grove School, District No. 20.—Mrs. Conis Stephens teacher; certificate second class; school in splendid working condition; full attendance all the time; recitations interesting and has had every pupil in the district in attendance at one time, which shows the popularity of the teacher; whole number of pupils in district, 62; draws from the State, \$177.50; highest number at school, 62; lowest, 36; present, 48; log house in good condition; desks and blackboard good; have maps, charts, etc.; trustees visit school often and take interest in all matters pertaining to the school.

Loont Grove School, District No. 4. Miss Mary Anderson, teacher; certificate first-class; general average 97; flourishing school; recitations first-class; school very full; number of pupils in district, 104; draws from the State \$386; highest number at school 40; number enrolled, 55; lowest, 34; present, 41; general average for two months, 43; house in splendid condition; good desks and a good blackboard; maps, charts, globe and everything necessary to make a school interesting; good recitations; good reviews of studies and all kind of exercises to make a visitor feel that he is at home; trustees visit school frequently and furnish everything needed.

Oak Valley School, District No. 18.—Mrs. Isaac W. Chase, teacher; certificate second-class; number of pupils in district, 68; draws from State, \$189; highest number at school 36; lowest, 4; present 4; school reduced to a very low ebb; I saw one trustee who said he had inquired the cause of no better attendance and various causes; but very few complaints against the teacher, and said he thought there would be a better attendance soon, house in bad condition; have new desks, globe, blackboard, etc., but should repair house or build a new one.

Elber J. B. Greenwald will preach at Sideview next Sunday morning, Nov. 11.

ASSAULTED!

ADAM BAUM ASSAULTED BY
HENRY WATSON.

Watson's Charge a Grave One—
Baum Denies the Charge.

Both Members of the City Govern-
ment.

On Sunday night, about 9 o'clock, people who were near the corner of Main street and Broadway were surprised to see Henry Watson, Councilman from the Second ward, assaulting with a cane, Adam Baum, Mayor of the city. Mr. Baum had been to the postoffice and had started back to his home. When near the corner mentioned he met Henry Watson, who stopped him, and after a few words, began assaulting him with a heavy cane. The move told thick and fast, and though Baum made an attempt to defend himself, he was badly beaten, while his assailant escaped with few injuries.

Watson's story is that some fifteen days ago his wife sent his ten-year-old daughter to Baum's store with an order for groceries, and that after giving the order, she told Mr. Baum that she owned a pet rabbit and wanted a box to keep it in. That Baum took her to the rear of the room, through an archway, into an adjoining room, and after giving her the box took in decent liberties with her person. That the child came home, told her mother, and that the mother telegraphed him in Cincinnati to come home. He came in response to the message. That he did not at once act in the matter, but waited because he had been in one trouble and hesitated about getting into more. (Watson killed a negro here some years ago), that he had been away from home a large part of the time since the child reported the matter, and did not meet Baum till Sunday night, when he demanded of him why he had treated his child as he did. That Baum demanded to know how he had treated her, and that upon his denying the child's story, Baum pronounced the story a lie. That he then told Baum he proposed to give him a "good beating," and proceeded to put his threat into execution.

Mr. Baum says it is true the child did come to his store and as true he did ask for a box and that he took her to the rear of the store where some empty boxes were and told her to select one. That he patted her on the head, probably on the shoulder, but beyond this the entire story is a lie. That he knew nothing of the matter till Watson attacked him on the street. That he had been about town going to and from his business house each day since the alleged assault and that he could have been seen any day and almost all day at his place of business without being waylaid and assaulted in the night. That the only construction he can possibly put on it is that it is a piece of blackmail connected by Watson in order to, in some manner, wring money from him. Mr. Baum says if the story were true surely Watson would not have waited fifteen days to have avenged the alleged insult to his daughter.

Looked at from any stand point we may, the case is an ugly one. We cannot believe that Mr. Baum would be guilty of any such conduct as is charged against him, nor can we see what motive Watson would have for making the assault unless he believed the charge a true one. It is a case that requires official investigation, and it is to be hoped the bottom of the matter may be reached and Mr. Baum fully vindicated, as we cannot help but believe he is. A warrant has been sworn out against Watson for assault, and his trial set for Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

Catarh in the Head.
Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect and permanent cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarh. Catarh sometimes leads to consumption. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

THE ED. C. O'REAR-KIRK CO., (Not Incorporated) Capital Stock \$15,000, all paid in



This "nigger" is manager of the Company and his official duties will expire to-night, when he hopes to visit some of the white folk's chicken roosts.

They are dealers in the votes of poor white trash, niggers and "so-called Democrats" or "fool Democrats," as the Gazette would say, at \$20 per head.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. J. M. Bignall was in Cincinnati last week.

Pierce Winn was in Mayville last week on business.

Miss Sue Calvert, of Louisville, is visiting her kinsman, R. F. A. Grigg, here.

Little Owen Gibson, who has been visiting in Solalia, Mo., has returned home.

Miss Sarepta Ewing and Mrs. James Gatewood were in Cincinnati last week.

Mr. G. H. Casper Jr., of Fire Creek, W. Va. was in the city yesterday on business.

Stella Lyle Robinson, who has been very sick, of diphtheria, has about recovered.

R. A. Chiles, who has been in Louisville, for some days past returned yesterday morning.

Mrs. M. A. Weeton and daughter, Misses Emma and Lizzie, have returned from Cincinnati.

Miss Elizabeth B. Reid, who visited friends in Lawrenceburg last week, returned home yesterday.

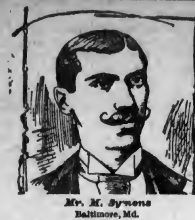
Mrs. A. K. McGulley, of West Liberty, is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Geo. B. Phillips, on Main street.

Mr. Charles W. Metcalf of Pineville, candidate for Secretary of State and an exceedingly pleasant gentleman, was in the city on business Tuesday last.

Water Works.

Mr. M. S. Tyler, attorney, is in receipt of a letter from Mr. C. C. Myers, who is now at Salisbury, Pa., sending money to meet one of the claims against the Construction Company and says he will be at home in a day or two with money to settle off all claims and to begin work at once. The letter was written Nov. 1st.

John Clark, who lives in this county and who was sent up for hog stealing at the last term of the Circuit Court and secured a pardon, yesterday deceived Charlie Frisby a young fellow just twenty-one years of age out into the country near Grassy Lick and after beating and threatening to shoot him if he did not vote the Republican ticket, tied him and locked him in a room to hold him till after to-day's election. Young Frisby succeeded in getting away and coming to town last night where he will be taken care of. Besides this his mother says some prominent Republicans threatened to have her pension taken away from her if she did not make her son vote the Republican ticket. These are simply a sample of the methods the O'Rear, Kirk, Mack Company are indulging in. Mr. Clark will probably have some trouble in getting out of this scrape before he is done with it.



Run Down

That Tired Feeling—Severe Headaches, No Appetite
Six Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Bring Back New Life.

"O. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass."
"Dear Sir:—Before using Hood's Sarsaparilla I was frequently sick and did not know what was the matter with me. One day I would feel so tired I could hardly stand, the next I would have a severe headache and so on, not to mention the fact that I would bring forth I did not have any appetite and

Was Greatly Run Down.

I tried all good medicines but they did me no good. Having heard a great deal about Hood's Sarsaparilla I decided to try a bottle. I bought a bottle and used it as directed. I have now used six bottles and feel as well as ever. It has been of great benefit to me as I have regained my appetite and

Now Enjoy Good Health.

I can strongly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent blood medicine." W. W. WOODS, 225 A. S. Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

Democrats!

Your nominees are honorable men, fairly selected, and regularly declared. They are entitled to, as they deserve, the vote of every Democrat in the county. Democrats with an ax to grind are surreptitiously, and Republicans boldly charging that the administration of the affairs of the county is in the hands of a "ring" who desire to perpetuate their control in order that they may plunder. Your committee challenges the proof. These statements are lies, perpetrated with malicious intent. That you may know that the Democratic administration has been honest, and deserves the approval of all good citizens, we republish the report made by the Magistrates who have investigated the matter, and whom you all know to be absolutely above reproach. Can you afford to distrust the control of the fiscal affairs of the county to men who resort to misrepresentation to secure it? Democrats, will you be beguiled by suchilly tales into supporting the nominees of the Republican party? Will you be disloyal to the nominees of your own party when they are good men, and true, and will make no selfish office? I cannot believe you will fail of your duty, and am confident the gallant Democrats of Montgomery will be, as they have always been, true to their standard bearers. The enemy is active and alert, and night meetings are being held by the negroes in town and at county school houses, addressed by some one of these Republican agents to support. Can you sit yourselves with such parties?

The committee appeals to every Democratic voter to do his whole duty. Vote and work for the success of the whole ticket, the best and vigilant.

Strayed.

Two-year-old heifer, red, hind legs in good shape and will weigh about 750 pounds. Reward will be given for her return to me. 13-4f HENRY JUDY.

Dr. A. C. Davidson, of Georgetown, is expected to occupy the pulpit of the Baptist church next Sunday.



Tired, Weak, Nervous
Could Not Sleep.

Prof. L. D. Edwards, of Preston, Idaho, says: "I was all run down, weak, nervous and irritable through overwork. I suffered from brain fatigue, mental depression, etc. I became so weak and nervous that I could not sleep. I would arise tired, discouraged and blue. I began taking

Dr. Miles' Nervine and now everything is changed. I sleep soundly. I feel bright, active and am able to do my work in one day now than I used to do in a week. For this great good I give Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine the sole credit. It Cures."

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at 25c. 6 bottles for \$1.50, or it will be sent prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Let every Democrat feel his personal responsibility for party success, and victory is assured.
H. R. FRECHET, Ch'm.

REPORT OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE COUNTY.

The undersigned Committee were appointed by the Montgomery County Court at its October term, 1894, to make a report upon the financial condition of Montgomery county. After examining the records of said Court, we make the following report:

In the year 1893 the County issued \$200,000 of six per cent. bonds to the L. & B. S. Railroad, due in thirty years.

In January, 1893, the County refunded \$120,000 of said bonds bearing six per cent. interest, and due in ten years, having paid up to that date, \$60,000, leaving \$14,000 unpaid said not refunded, which \$14,000 was paid in July 1897 by M. S. Tyler, Treasurer of the Sinking Fund.

In January, 1893, the County refunded \$75,000 of the said \$120,000 with bonds bearing five per cent. interest, due in ten years with the privilege of running them forty years. The balance of \$17,000 having been paid by M. S. Tyler, Treasurer of the Sinking Fund.

In January, 1892, the County issued \$50,000 bonds bearing six per cent. interest, and due in fifteen years to the E. L. & B. S. Railroad. We also find there are \$5,000 Court House bonds, \$2,000 of which bonds are due January 1, 1895, and \$3,000 are due January 1, 1899, which makes the bonded debt of the County at this date as follows:

E. L. & B. S. Railroad Bonds, six per cent. due in January, 1897.	50,000 00
L. & B. S. Railroad 10 1/4 bonds, five per cent. due January, 1895.	73,000 00
Court House bonds, six per cent. due January, 1895.	2,000 00
Court House bonds, six per cent. due January, 1899.	6,000 00
Total bonded debt.	\$131,000 00

We find balance in the hands of the Treasurer of the Sinking Fund, January 1, 1894, \$8,434.71, which with a tax of 25c cents levied this year, is to be applied to the payment of the \$50,000 bonds and interest due January 1, 1897.

We find the balance in the hands of the County Treasurer, April 3, 1894, \$2,632.56, out of which we find he has been directed by the Court to pay the \$2,000 Court House bonds, due January 1, 1895.

We have examined the reports of the County Treasurer and the Treasurer of the Sinking Fund from the year 1887 up to date, and find them both correct.

HENRY JONES,
W. H. PREWITT,
T. W. BARROW,
October 13, 1894. Committee.

That splendid two-story brick, coal, feed and grain stand on West High street, for rent. Apply to T. F. Rogers. 14-5f

HOOD'S AND ONLY
Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you. Because it is the best blood purifier. **HOOD'S CURES**

Call and see
THOS. KENNEDY,
The Leading
Druggist.
The best of everything at reasonable prices.



Put your X inside the square at the Roosters feet, and your vote will not fail to be correctly counted.

The oyster supper intended to be held at Somerset Thursday night is postponed indefinitely, we are requested to state.

At the first Presbyterian church Sunday there were two delightful services. Rev. Arrick preached excellent sermons and the music was very fine.

The ladies of the Southern Presbyterian church will give the supper the evenings of the Chrysanthemum Show, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9th and 10th.

The ladies of the Southern Presbyterian Church will have an exchange the day before Thanksgiving. Due notice will be given. Everything suitable for that day.

The Democrats in New York say Hill will be elected by 21,825 plurality. The Republicans say Munton will be elected by 55,025 plurality. The outsider may take his choice.

On Saturday next all lovers of flowers are earnestly requested to meet at the Commercial Club room, for the purpose of effecting an organization, which shall be for the purpose of increasing interests in floral culture, etc.

Mrs. W. T. Sanderson is quite sick with bronchial trouble. Mrs. Sanderson is a stranger within our walls, a good Christian woman and our people should see her at her home, comfort, sympathize, and administer to her wants.

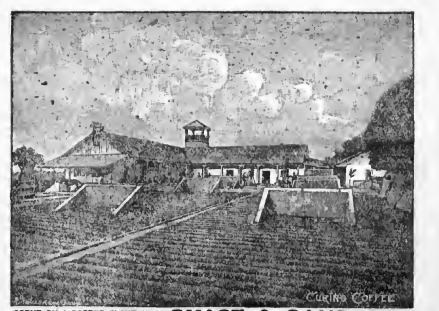
Listen! The Republicans are full of yarns. They claim that leading Democrats will vote for them in order to stimulate others who are unresponsive. We have run these stories down and find them false. Democrats will not vote with the negro gang.

At the Ministers meeting Monday morning it was arranged to hold the annual Thanksgiving service in the Southern Presbyterian church, Rev. C. J. Nugent is to preach the sermon and Rev. A. J. Arrick is to make the appeal for the associated charities.

A Fire Insurance Policy

EXECUTED by the least responsible men in the country will answer every purpose until a fire occurs, then comes the trouble! But if you want insurance that protects at all times insure with

A. HOFFMAN,
The leading Insurance Agent of Eastern Kentucky.



SCENE ON A COFFEE PLANTATION CONTROLLED BY **CHAS & SANBORN.**
OUR COFFEES HAVE A NATIONAL REPUTATION REPRESENTING THE FINEST GROWN.

SEAL BRAND COFFEE JAVA and MOCHA, in the richness and delicacy of flavor. Justly called the Aristocratic Coffee of America. Always packed in a 1 lb. can.

Served Exclusively at the Worlds' Fair.

FREE. A perfect Art Album containing 24 beautiful photographs representing Tea and Coffee culture will be sent on receipt of your address.

CHAS & SANBORN, 85 & 87 BROAD ST., BOSTON.

Chiles-Thompson Grocery Co.
Sole Agents for Eastern Kentucky.

THE OLD GATEKEEPER.

As you stepped from the town, and the valley
 Lined upward and up to the brow of a brook.
 There broke on the sight such a tiny shade,
 The gatekeeper that stood at the head in the
 road.
 Long, long to the hill with its sheltering breast
 It had crouched as close as a bird to its nest,
 And never came right but in window panes
 glowed.
 With a welcome flag out at the head in the
 road.
 The quailness of mortals had lodging therein,
 With the dream of a dimple smile in its eye.
 And a low like a prince, which he fondly be-
 lieved.
 When he flung wide the gate at the head of the
 road.
 Though his stock was as low and his wife was
 as dry.
 The laugh and the smile that leaped from his
 eye.
 Told his heart beat the love of his kind-for the
 code.
 The old little man at the head in the road.
 He would bow by the hour o'er his wife and
 her low.
 With his old fashioned blouse, earthy willow
 and plow.
 Yet the smile always fled and the smile ever
 shone.
 When a wanderer passed the head in the
 road.
 His life had its story, 'twas whispered, and
 was
 Had craved the last flower of his hopes as a
 bride.
 And yet to the last he made light of his hope.
 The little man at the head in the road.
 Now he sleeps his last sleep, though in memory
 still.
 I see his best figure lean over the hill.
 And now is the gatehouse, his cherry shade,
 While the green wave of the grass at the head in the
 road.
 —Clifton Feathers.

SAVED BY A WOMAN.

Pursuant to a special order issued by the president of the Confederate states, an army of 12,000 veteran cavalry and mounted infantry entered Missouri under the command of Major General Sterling Price on Sept. 12, 1864. I was assigned to duty as his chief engineer, a most un-pleasant service to me, as the war in that section had degenerated into a fierce vendetta, and for three years bands of armed marauders marching under the flag of the confederacy had committed atrocities which stamped the state as the sink of American civilization.

The prime action of that expeditionary force was to subvert the loyal state government and establish in its stead an administration friendly to the Confederate states. To that end we were accompanied by Governor Thomas C. Reynolds, who claimed to be his chief magistrate by virtue of an election held among our Missouri troops in 1862, and he was a candidate for re-election in the canvass then in progress. So far as the actual exercise of any gubernatorial function was concerned, he resembled that shadow of a coachman in the domain of Plato who perpetually places the shadow of a harness in the shadows of stately steeds and dusts the shadow of a royal coach with the shadow of a brush.

On Sept. 26, soon after sunrise, I rode with the advance brigade, and as I halted on a lofty ridge I looked down upon the valley of Arcadia, studded with its adjacent towns of Arcadia, Trenton and Pilot Knob, their church spires glittering in the early morning light. But of far more interest to us than the picturesque landscape was the long line of blue, tipped with steel, on the crests of the hills that commanded the narrow entrance to the valley known as Shut in gap. We learned from citizens that the force that stood ready to contest our advance consisted of Missouri troops and five companies of the Fourteenth Iowa infantry, numbering about 500 men, under the command of Major James Wilson of the Third Missouri cavalry.

He handled his command with skill and courage and exacted a bloody toll for each step of our advance. We, however, gradually forced him back through the gap and held it at nightfall. On the next morning we drove the same force through Pilot Knob pass and compelled it to seek shelter in a large earthwork called Fort Davidson.

In resisting our advance through the pass Major Wilson was captured, with six of his men, and they were all barbarously murdered a few hours later by soldiers of Marmaduke's division, led by one of their field officers.

Fort Davidson was a strong hexagonal redoubt located on the swelling of a wide plateau and distant some 500 yards from the mountain slopes on the south and east. It had a command of the country above the plateau and was surrounded by a dry ditch 10 feet in width and 7 feet in depth for 150 yards or more from its north and south faces respectively. Its armament consisted of four 32 pounder siege guns, three 24 pounder howitzers, three 12 inch Cohorn mortars and four 6 pound field pieces, all mounted on barbettes—that is, not under the parapet shelter. I saw that it was largely over-garrisoned, being occupied by 1,000 or 1,200 men and some 20 horses, although designed for a garrison of 800 or 900 only.

It was commanded by Brigadier General Thomas Ewing, Jr., of Ohio, who was every inch a gentleman and a soldier. General Price sent in a white flag and demanded the uncon-

ditional surrender of the fort and garrison.

General Ewing's answer was: "I decline to accede to your demand. The duty of the garrison of this fort is to surrender, but to defend it." General Price decided to take it by assault. The assaulting column, aggregating 3,600 rank and file, advanced to the attack at 2 p. m. and were met with as deadly a fire as soldiers ever faced. They rolled the waves of battle onward and then were swiftly borne back, shattered and bleeding, upon their crimson crest. In 15 minutes we lost 1,044 officers and men killed and wounded. The attacking force, on arriving within 60 yards of the fort, caught sight of the ditch, and believing it impassable, although it could readily have been crossed, retired in disorder.

General Price, strange to say, resolved that the assault should be renewed and designated 6 o'clock the next morning as the hour. He wisely, however, ordered that the artillery should co-operate in the attack and continue its fire until the assaulting columns reached the ditch. For that purpose eight guns were planted on bluffs within the fort.

It was ordered to prepare 100 scaling ladders. I was engaged with the engineer troops in the execution of that order near the front cemetery at about 8 o'clock at night, when a cavalry "drum" by a pair of fine horses was driven up to within a few yards of where I stood. A staff officer whom I shall designate as Captain X, standing in a group of four other officers, who were looking on at the work, advanced and handed two ladies out of the carriage. It appeared from their mutual greetings that they had met that morning at the Arcadia seminary.

We were all duly presented to the new arrivals, the name of the elder being given as Mrs. R. and that of the younger as Miss R., a young lady of perhaps 18. They were accompanied by their brother, a handsome youth of 15 or 16, on horseback. Mrs. R. was apparently 20 or 24 years of age. I thought her one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. After conversing with us for 15 or 20 minutes she stated that she was returning to her plantation, situated in Arcadia valley about two miles beyond Pilot Knob, from a visit to her younger sister, who was a pupil at the seminary, and that, fearing that she might be turned back by our sentinels on the road, she proposed calling upon General Price and soliciting a pass.

She was informed that General Price's headquarters were over a mile away from her road and would be difficult to reach with a carriage. Captain X, volunteered to escort her through our lines.

The offer was graciously accepted, and she requested her brother to place her saddle on the horse. I then noticed that she wore a riding habit, which, being dark cloth and hooded up at the skirt, appeared to be a walking dress. All the officers busied themselves equipping the horse, and when they had done so vaulted into her seat with the aid of a camp stool, bade us goodly with a smile that made each of her servants feel that it was intended for himself alone and rode off with her escort, their regard following closely.

I am enabled to state with exactness what transpired during their eventful ride, for I learned it from the lips of Mrs. R. and from the journal of Captain X. On arriving at Pilot Knob, Mrs. R. wrote a brief note in pencil by the light of the still burning ruins of buildings that had been fired by our troops, and handing it to her black footman told him to get a horse and certain household near by and ride at a gallop to the plantation and deliver the note to her overcoat.

She then rode away about 70 yards from the spot where the carriage was halted, and turning to her escort she said: "You were true here yesterday when you rescued those young ladies at the seminary from those ruthless soldiers, and I will not deceive you. I was for the Union and the flag of our fathers. My husband gave up his life under the flag in the first battle of the war on the soil of Virginia, our native state. I will not ask you to betray the cause for which you have drawn your sword, although I believe it to be a most sinful and unjust cause. You must know that if the fort is stormed tomorrow the brave men who have been killed will have drawn your officers, at least, will meet the cruel fate of Major Wilson. I appeal to you, therefore, for the sake of humanity, to aid me in averting that horrible crime."

Captain X answered: "What do you wish me to do? Name it, and I will do it if consistent with my duty as a soldier."

"Well, then," she replied, "conduct me to the quarters of Colonel Y. I met him at the seminary last evening while I was engaged in attending upon my brother and other wounded officers of his command. Pledge me your honor also that you will not reveal before 8 o'clock tomorrow morning whatever may occur as the result of my interview with him. Respect my confidence,

and you can rely upon my gratitude."

Although mystified as to her design, he gave the required pledge, and within ten minutes they were in the presence of Colonel Y., who was occupying the ground floor of a small house situated in the midst of his brigade encampment, about 800 yards from the fort. He gave the ladies a cordial welcome and stated that their coming was a perfect surprise to him, as he was not looking toward the skirts when they alighted.

Mrs. R. replied that she could readily disabuse his mind of the idea that they were of colonial origin by assuring him that she had come to invite him and his brigade to partake of a good supper that she had provided for them at her plantation, which was only a little more than a mile away from the camp. She added that among other supplies five fat beavers had been killed for the occasion, and that there was an abundance of fowls.

Colonel Y. had often been termed in the official reports of his division commander "the high toned and chivalric," and he deserved the title. He was a handsome bachelor of 40 or 45, and, unlike the wise Ulysses when passing the Isle of Sirens, he did not stop up his ears that he might not hear their alluring song. On the contrary, he kept those wide open eyes, and he accepted the invitation. He would not conscientiously have violated his duty as an officer, but he thought that the garrison would be sufficiently elevated by other commands during his brief absence of an hour or two. His men and horses, too, were hungry, as his commissary and quartermaster had been derelict about supplying rations and forage. He ordered that the assembly should not be sounded by the buglers, as he said it might disturb the sleep of the garrison, but that the sentinels should accompany the men. Nearly all of the troops, however, were awake, as it was then but 10:30, and at the word "supper" there was mounting in hot haste. Within one hour the whole of the gallant brigade was marching, supported, leaving behind it an opening in the line of investment of not less than 500 yards in width.

At midnight I looked down upon the fort from Sheridan's mountain and saw that there was but a solitary light burning on it and that its flag was still flying, although, according to military usage, it should have been lowered at sunset, for the situation of the garrison seemed as hopeless as it could well be.

General Ewing certainly had no hope of relief unless he expected it to come from a host marshaled in the bright fields beyond the stars. The nearest Federal division was that of General A. J. Smith, on camped near St. Louis, 80 miles away, and our detachments had torn the railroads up the line of railroad leading in that direction.

At about 3 o'clock in the morning, while resting on "the flinty and steel couch of war," we were aroused by an explosion that fairly shook the rock ribbed hills. An officer of the quarter guard reported to General Price that the magazine of the fort had been blown up, while another stated that the explosion had occurred just beyond the fort, on its west side. It was thought quite probable that several caissons had accidentally exploded in the works.

A little more than an hour after the day dawned, and looking down from the mountain sides we saw that the fort was silent and deserted. Instead of a garrison line at our mercy, we saw a great pit within its ramparts, and its guns, hauled from their shattered carriages, lying upon heaps of debris. We also saw that our cordons of troops, with its double circle of sentinels, still stood unbroken around it.

General Price was face to face with a mystery that was never officially solved, and, like Othello when wrought up, was "perplexed in the extreme," and alone made to give for the first time the exact course of events after Colonel Y. started for the R. mansion with his hospitable hostess riding by his side at the head of the brigade.

It had hardly left the encampment before Mrs. R.'s brother reached the officers commanding the Federal picket on the north side of the fort and informed him that the road was clear and would remain for open hours or more. The information was soon verified by General Ewing's scouts, and shortly before 2 o'clock the garrison marched out, the infantry passing through the sandy path and the rifle pit in the north face.

General Ewing, with venturesome daring, took with him two pieces of artillery, first covering the drawbridge with tents and blankets to prevent the sound of the wheels and the steps of the horses being heard as the guns were hauled over it and on to the plateau. All the military stores that were not required for his march were heaped around the magazine, which he intended should be fired three hours after his evacuation of the fort. To effect that a sergeant was left with orders to light a short piece of candle and to hold it in the train

of powder leading to the magazine at 4 o'clock, but a soldier who returned to look for his spurs, as General Ewing recently informed me, lighted the candle, and the magazine exploded when the command was but five miles away.

The brigade of Colonel Y., having fled unobserved, was within five miles of its encampment on the river, and a cordial welcome was sent to the red eruption high into the air and its kindled up the tree tops with its flaming light. The explosion sounded to the delinquent officer like "the crack of doom," for he divined its meaning. He returned at a rapid trot, but it was near 4 o'clock when the brigade resumed its former position.

The delay incident to the issue of rations and other causes prevented our starting in pursuit of the enemy until 7 o'clock. General Ewing, with admirable military sagacity, crossed the open country that was favorable to the operations of the cavalry and sought the strength of the hills. Selecting the safest line of retreat, he kept to the high ridges and broken ground. Our advance overtook his rear soon after sunrise the next morning and at once attacked fiercely, but were driven back by well directed volleys of his steady and undaunted infantry and cavalry, and the highly commensurate served artillery. He wisely adopted the Partisan system, his troops firing as they fell back, for had they halted to give battle they would have been overthrown by Shelby's entire division that was pressing forward to attack.

Shelby abandoned the pursuit after 36 hours, concluding from his rapidly increasing list of killed and wounded that the highly combative Federals were costing him more than they were worth. The retreating garrison soon rested under the guns of St. Louis, with all the glory won in the valley of Arcadia, becoming only on their colors. I can state positively that for General Ewing's splendid defense at Shut in gap and Pilot Knob we would certainly have taken Jefferson City, the capital of the state, with its vast military stores.

It prevented us from appearing in front of that place until Oct. 7, two days after his previously weak garrison had been to the rescue of our men for us to make an attack. Without that untimely delay we would have carried it two weeks muzzled in-breathments of the 4th of October and would have imperiled the safety of St. Louis itself.

Mrs. R. still wears her widow's weeds in the valley of Arcadia, and time has little dimmed the radiant beauty that prevailed on that eventful "an array with banners" in opening the way of deliverance to a thousand brave soldiers of the Union in the hour of their most bitter need.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Terrible Tale of Woe.
 A curious story leaked out the other day in a Niagara street car. A lady, good natured looking man, seated at Ferry street and seated himself beside a young man who was the picture of grief incarnate.

"How are they coming, Bill?" was his greeting.

"Bill leaned over and almost whispered: 'Did you hear about it? Haven't? Well, you know, my mother, she's the best woman in the world, but she's never got rid of the grippe and the pneumonia. She'd rather have me die than touch a drop or gumble or anything like that. Well, you know, that on the dead quilt I saved about \$500 to go down the mortgage on my place. Last week I thought I'd spring it on him, and so I took the good hard coin out of the bank and slung it down on the supper table at night. She looked at it very suspiciously and asked me when I got it. Just from the spirit of the verity I answered, 'Won't it at the mums.' I went out in the evening and returned early to talk about the mortgage."

"She didn't say a word, but pointed toward the grate and said: 'There's your evil gotten money. Do you think I would use it?' In the grate was a heap of ashes." And the young man, with a look of unutterable agony, got up and left the car.—Buffalo Express.

Rosebery's Cure For Sleeplessness.
 The British Weekly tells how Lord Rosebery overcame the sleeplessness which rendered him reluctant to enter Mr. Gladstone's last administration. In answer to an inquiry from a Scottish member of parliament, Lord Rosebery wrote: "As soon as the story about my sleeplessness appeared in the newspapers I was overwhelmed with letters suggesting cures. One of the first I read was a pamphlet of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I bought, and to my surprise found it to be a most effective remedy. I have slept perfectly well."

Rising in the World.
 "Rise in the world all yoh kin," said Uncle Eben to the young man "but don't forget yoh reptation. Hit do come in handy foh paracheute."—Washington Star.

HIGH CLASS CLOTHING!

Young & Hazelrigg.

AGAIN CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT THEY WILL SELL YOU A HIGHER GRADE OF GOODS FOR LESS MONEY THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE CITY.

ESPECIALLY

TO CASH AND SHORT TIME BUYERS WILL WE GIVE BARGAINS. FOR WE NEED MONEY AND NEED IT BADLY. CALL AT ONCE AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR YOU.

RESPECTFULLY,

YOUNG & HAZELRIGG

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 Manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Rough & Dressed LUMBER,
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 Moulding and Brackets of all kinds
 Verandas of every Description,
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WORKS!
 WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE
 FOR 20 YEARS
 Has been sold in every country.
 EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.
 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
 BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
 cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

A TRUSTY GUARDIAN.

More than 40 years ago, in 1851, I visited a party of friends in the Bendigo goldfields in Australia, where I was cordially welcomed. Among the party were two of my friends, an English man, which belonged to one of the gentlemen.

The good understanding between myself and the two friends appeared to have become so well established during the evening that on the next day I left the claim where my friends were at work to fetch a kettle of tea from the tent without the least misgiving to my reception by him. Rex, who was always allowed to run loose, came forward to meet me. He allowed me to stroke his head, and so far as I could see showed no interest in my movements as I entered the tent and took a drink of the tea, but when I started to leave the tent with the kettle on the edge of the camp bed and spoke to him. He wagged his tail and looked so friendly that I thought I must have made a mistake about his intentions. Not at all.

The moment I attempted to leave the tent with the kettle I had reason to know that Rex's broad grin was no mere notion, but, on the contrary, real sign that he was true to his trust as he understood it. I talked to him again, set down the kettle and attempted to leave without it. Still Rex objected. He had his doubts and determined to give his master the benefit of them. There was no help for it. I was held prisoner and could do nothing but sit down and wait patiently for him to come to my relief. No one came until nearly two hours later, by which time my long absence had caused my friends to suspect that I was being held prisoner by Rex. I bore the dog no grudge for his faithful zeal, and in a few days found he would let me come and go and take whatever I wished. —St. Nicholas.

Atmospheric Curios.

If it were possible for one to rise above the stratum of air which surrounds the planet earth, the sun would appear to the observer as a huge, sharply outlined ball of fire, while everything else would be wrapped in impenetrable darkness. This is true because we know that there could be no sensation of light conveyed to the brain without an atmosphere for the sun's rays to pass upon. But, on the contrary, if the earth's atmosphere extended to a height of 700 miles instead of 45 or 50, as is probably the case, the sun's heat and rays could never penetrate it.

Had such have been the state of things "in the beginning," this earth would never have been able to support its varied forms of animal life. But should such a state of affairs accidentally be brought about through some unknown agency every vestige of animal life would perish from the face of the earth in a very short time, and the terrors of starvation would be augmented a thousand fold by the fact that everything would be kept in impenetrable darkness under the blackest midnight. —St. Louis Republic.

To Fill Out the Chin.

Most faces that are thin are apt to be hollow between the upper and lower jaws, and two exercises are recommended for filling out the chin. Take two small pieces of rubber, such as come at the ends of lead pencils, and insert on each side of the mouth between the back teeth. Close the teeth on them and chew, spreading the teeth only just far enough to keep the rubbers in their places and shutting them with all the force possible. After this put the forefinger in the mouth and rub against the cheek pressing it outward in every way, reaching as far back as possible. It is said that by regularly following facial exercises daily the face may be kept rounded and firm in its outlines, and that even old and relaxed muscles may be greatly strengthened and improved. —America.

His Sense of Honor.

A Russian peasant was, for some offense or other, declared to have forfeited all special rights and privileges. The full gravity of the punishment was brought home to him as follows: "Henceforth you can never be appointed headman of your village (the peasant bowed), nor be called as a witness (he bowed again), nor serve on a jury (another bow), nor enlist as a soldier."

The peasant bowed deeper still and said: "Your honor, would it not be possible to relieve me of the duty of paying the taxes?"

Another version is to the effect that the peasant expressed his thanks and earnestly pleaded:

"Could you not manage at the same time to relieve my son, Mikolka, of these rights?" —Scavenger Westnik.

Overriding It.

"I like to see a man think a good deal of his home," said Mr. Jackson, "but when he has a home to brag about how happy a home he has, I think he is carrying his affection a little too far." —Indianapolis Journal.

THE HINDOO'S RELIGION.

He Will Indict Torturers on Himself For Prisoners, but Never Kill a Mosquito.

Asia exaggerates all things, and the virtue of penance among the rest, but the virtue is still believed in, even in western Europe. The writer has seen a professor of Bengali, remarkable at once for wealth and fatness, crawling, stretched at full length, along a road before the length of Juggernaut, suffering, in fact, tortures such as no one would inflict upon a convict. And he has known one of his own clerks, a man of singular ability and bonhomie, who, being suddenly struck, through the death of an only son, with the conviction of sin committed in a past existence departed at once for Benares to live there as alone, seated as a naked Sanyasa, covered with a dust, by the holy river's side. There are thousands of men in India at this moment who under this impulse are enduring tortures, or making painful pilgrimages, or living the lives of hermits in the forest.

The second, and ceremonial purity, the living by a rigid rule of life so rigid that it is almost intolerable, which preserves what a Catholic bishop would call his "sanctity," and which the Hindoo believes may be preserved to every member of his crowd who will walk according to his law. With the majority the search for that aid degenerates as it did among the Hebrews, into a reverence for meaningless ceremonial, chiefly restrictive, which to men who are free of burden seems positively silly, but with a minority, a small minority, it produces lives of singular refinement and character with something of divine grace and beauty.

One such Hindoo it was the writer's privilege to know intimately, and he is assured, though his friend never killed a mosquito, but always blew it off, that few Christians have rivaled him in the perfectness of his daily life. And the third aid, which has for the Hindoo unbounded wealth, is external, and consists in what to make it intelligible to our readers we must call accruing grace, coming from the divine potentiality residing in certain places, say Benares, as the one best known here, or in rivers such as the Ganges, or even in persons such as the few living saints whose touch confers some degree of vitalizing merit.

Charles A. Dana a Man of Many Tongues.

While at Cambridge Mr. C. A. Dana was a hard student. He so far overcame his natural repugnance with which periphrasis of declension or conjugation inspired him as to conceive a marked and genuine fondness for the acquisition of other languages than English, living and dead. No year has passed during his busy life without adding to his stock of languages or increasing his familiarity with some of those which he has already partially acquired. Most spoken languages, except the Slavonic and the oriental, are at his command, and he has started on Russian. He is restless so long as something which he really wants to know remains behind a curtain of words which he does not comprehend. An accidental circumstance, a chance reference, impatient with an obvious imperfect translation, may direct his attention to a word, or some distinct which he has not yet checked off. Then he turns to his grammar and dictionary and is not satisfied until his mastery of that particular medium of thought is sufficient for practical purposes. —Edward P. Mitchell in McClure's Magazine.

What It Doesn't Take.

"One time on a New York in my district," remarked a well known member of congress, "I stopped with a man who had been a lawyer and a man of considerable influence, but he had foolishly thrown away his chance for success by taking to liquor and bad company. He knew that he was to blame more than any one else, and after I left him to go to bed, I overheard him talking to his wife, who, womanlike, still had confidence in him."

"Mary," he said, "I might have been a congressman if I had had some sense."

"Lord, John," she replied encouragingly, "it doesn't take sense to be a congressman." —Detroit Free Press.

A Natural Error.

Over the telephone. "Is this Bonds & Co.?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"We have found that elpher telegram of yours that got lost. This is the telegraph office talking."

"Well, what took it over?"

"A boy took it over to the office of The Decade Magazine. When the tracer found it there, they had it in type. Thought it was a new poem. Had the toughest kind of work getting them to give it up." —Indianapolis Journal.

HOW FAT PEOPLE MAY GROW LEAN.

Professor Schweigger, Bismarck's Physician, Tells How to Reduce Flesh.

Many stout people have drawn comfort from the treatment of Professor Schweigger, the famous physician of Prussia Bismarck. He has reduced many a "puffy" cheek and brought smiles of satisfaction to many a jolly face. At the request of friends and physicians he recently wrote an article on his "antifat cure," which gives in concise terms the main facts about his treatment.

After recommending daily massage and bathing the professor says: As to the kind of massage to be used in the case of stout persons, it may be said in general that the harder the massage of the fatty parts the better the effect. The pain often felt in the beginning of such a treatment will disappear, as a rule, in a few days, and what was a discomfort before later a pleasure. As to diet, the principal nourishment should be meat of any kind, hot or cold and fat or lean; fish, oysters, caviare, lobsters, crabs, sausages, eggs, cheese, etc.

Next to be recommended are bread, white or brown; fruit, preserves, spinach, asparagus, cabbage, sea-kale, cucumbers and green sauce, and lemon sirups, white wines and cider are to be recommended. Herings and smoked flounders may be substituted for oysters, caviare, lobsters and fine fish, sausages for meat, cabbage for asparagus, prunes for preserves—all articles which can be purchased cheaply.

From this list it is shown that the following articles of diet are to be avoided: Soups, potatoes, turnips, corn, macaroni, rice, pastry, butter and fat so far as not used in the cooking of meat and vegetables. These liquids should also be avoided: Beer, red wines, milk, coffee, tea, chocolate, cocoa and whiskeys. The essential thing in our treatment lies in the strict differentiation of individual cases. It is advisable for the sufferer to accustom himself to small meals, taken often, if necessary, and to keep from drinking, as a rule, when he eats.

If we give corpulent persons the same amount of food which they are used to taking in two or three meals in four, five or even more, the result in almost every case will be a lessening of the weight. Heavy meals favor the building of flesh. Small meals, on the other hand, tend to have the opposite effect. As a matter of course, the disappearance of the superfluous flesh shows itself more or less in the face, making the person look far from well. It is little wonder if the patient is greeted by friends with, "How ill you look!" A discussion often follows, ending possibly with the remark, "Beware of such cures." It costs those people whose health only in puffy cheeks little trouble to sow the seeds of discontent.

The patient has unfortunately not always the necessary will to resist these remarks, daily repeated, and begins to waver in following out the best of treatment. It is therefore necessary for the physician to use his entire influence to crush away doubt and encourage the patients. Women are not often to be consoled, however, because of the appearance of wrinkles. It should be remembered that the skin cannot adapt itself at once to the loss of flesh, but contracts itself later. By preaching patience this difficulty may also be overcome. —New York Tribune.

Brown Bread.

People use the white flour of commerce because they are born into the idea that it must be white to look nice. There is no physiology which shows the qualities of food upon a white color. Color is a sentiment. Food to be food must contain all the elements of the tissues the body feeds upon. It does not say the body must be white. This preference for white flour comes altogether from habit and false education, for those who eat bread and other food made from wheat soon begin to love it, and in a short time experience a natural craving for it which white bread does not and cannot satisfy, and the light brown color of the bread, with its rich wheat flavor, is a constant reminder that the life and sustenance are not driven out of it, while its satisfying and nourishing qualities attest that it is the perfection of hale and healthful food. —Baker's Helper.

Mr. Had a Good Excuse.

A strange excuse was presented to Judge Gordon in behalf of a man who was summoned as a juror. A relative informed the court that the person in question was waiting in addition to perform the duty required of him by the commonwealth. The judge asked what was the matter, and the absentee's representative replied that he was becoming petrified. Judge Gordon looked petrified himself for a moment and then said, emphatically, "He is excused." —Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Considerate Husband.

Mr. Chubman—You are making a great mistake in sitting up until five o'clock in the morning.

Mrs. Chubman—Do you think so?

Mr. Chubman—Yes. You ought to go to sleep earlier. Dr. Edison, in his pamphlet, says that women need more sleep than men.—Texas Siftings.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Cud, cures Diarrhoea, and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. C. C. Osborn, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quick purgatives which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphia, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. KINGSTON, ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres., UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

LADIES

We invite you to call and inspect our stock of FALL AND WINTER WRAPS. This season's purchase is the largest and best selected stock we have ever had in our house. Styles are the newest and the best, with prices and quality of material to suit all. Do not think it necessary to go another town or city to be suited, but be assured that we can show you a great variety with styles as good and prices as reasonable as any body else. Hoping to show you through our goods, we are respectfully,

Grubbs & Hazelrigg

Dr. HOWARD VAN ANTHONY, DENTIST, Opposite the Court House.

H. CLAY McKEE, Attorney-at-law, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Office upstairs, Main street.

B. F. DAY, LAWYER, Office over Exchange Bank, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Will practice in all the Courts of Kentucky and the Federal Courts.

WOODFORD & CHENAIT, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Office—Court Street, Mt. Sterling, Kentucky. Will practice in the counties of Montgomery, Boyle, Breathitt, Clark and Bourbon and the Appellate Courts.

H. R. FRIEWITZ, Attorney-at-law, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Office Corner Court and Broadway. Will practice in all the Courts of the Commonwealth, Special attention given to collections.

ESTABLISHED 1858. E. C. HARTZOG & SONS, B. F. Peters Press. John G. Winn, Cashier.

D. W. C. SHERITT, Dentist, Office on Main street, upstairs, opposite Dr. H. A. Archer's office. Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Kentucky Union Railway.

GOING EAST.			
	No. 1	Daily	No. 6
Lexington	2:00 p.m.	6:00 a.m.	
Waynesboro	2:10 p.m.	6:10 a.m.	
Lexington	3:00 p.m.	6:00 a.m.	
Waynesboro	3:10 p.m.	6:10 a.m.	
Waynesboro	3:20 p.m.	6:20 a.m.	
Waynesboro	3:30 p.m.	6:30 a.m.	
Waynesboro	3:40 p.m.	6:40 a.m.	
Waynesboro	3:50 p.m.	6:50 a.m.	
GOING WEST.			
	No. 1	Daily	No. 6
Lexington	3:10 a.m.	6:00 a.m.	
Waynesboro	3:20 a.m.	6:10 a.m.	
Lexington	3:30 a.m.	6:00 a.m.	
Waynesboro	3:40 a.m.	6:10 a.m.	
Waynesboro	3:50 a.m.	6:20 a.m.	
Waynesboro	4:00 a.m.	6:30 a.m.	
Waynesboro	4:10 a.m.	6:40 a.m.	
Waynesboro	4:20 a.m.	6:50 a.m.	

No. 1 and 6 make connection at Kentucky Junction with B. & O. Railway for Bristol, Ky.

J. A. PHILLIPS, General Superintendent, CHAP. SCOTT, S. P. A.

TRIMBLE BROS., WHOLESALE GROCERS.

MT. STERLING, KY.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY ORSELL

A COW,
A FARM,
A HORSE,
A HOUSE,
A TOWN LOT,
CORN, OATS, HAY.

Or anything that a man has to buy or sell. Place an advertisement in the Advocate, and find purchaser or a seller.

COURT DIRECTORY.

JEROME E. COOPER presiding Third Monday in January and the Second Monday in April and Fifth Monday in September.

MONROE COUNTY CLERK'S COURT.

JUDGE LEWIS APPERSON presiding, Tuesday of each Third Monday in January, April, July and October.

COUNTY COFFERS.

Third Monday of each month.

MT. STERLING CITY COURT—CIVIL PRANCE.

JUDGE LEWIS APPERSON presiding, First Saturday in each month.

PROFESSIONAL.

JOHN M. ELLIOTT, Attorney-at-law, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Office, 11 Court Street, First Floor.

J. M. OLIVER, Attorney-at-law and Surveyor, Mt. Sterling, Ky. All collections and real estate transactions on anything concerning the same promptly attended to, and abstracts of title given when desired. Office, Court Street, opposite Court House.

A. HAZELRIGG, Attorney-at-law & City Auditor, Office, Tyler-Apperson building, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

M. T. TYLER & APPERSON, Attorneys-at-law, Office, Tyler-Apperson building, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

A. R. WHITE, Attorney-at-law, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Will practice in the counties of Montgomery, Boyle, Breathitt, Clark and Bourbon, and the Appellate and Circuit Courts.

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TRIMBLE BROS., WHOLESALE GROCERS.

MT. STERLING, KY.



HORSE AND TRACK.

Seven two-year-olds by Artell have entered the 2:30 list this year.

Directum, 2:04, will be shipped to C. D. Morris next week.

Ralph Wilkes, 2:06, holds the record for five-year-old trotting stallions.

Joe Patchen, 2:04, is still on the go, as Jack Curry has him down in Texas.

Directly, 2:73, is the fastest performer of the year that began the season without a record.

Coast Boy, 2:10; Reward J., 2:10; Constant, 2:09; and Bourbon Patchen, 2:09, are all by Bourbon Wilkes.

Thirty-three horse-e have trotted in 2:10 or better, and all but two—Palo Alto, 2:08, and Paulino, 2:10—are still living.

The Village Farm horses have arrived in Buffalo. The stable would about \$75,000 this year, nearly one-third of that amount being credited to Robert J.

All will be wintered in California. She will be turned out to grass for a time, and when she comes East next spring Mourne Salisbury looks for her to place the world's record at 2:02 or thereabout.

Shadland Oward, 2:18, foaled in 1883, is the sire of three pacers with records better than 2:10. These are Ooline, 2:04; Outonlan, 2:07; and Fred K., 2:09. Shadland Oward, we believe, is the youngest sire of three in the 2:10 list.

There were but four miles in 2:10 or better during the past week, all by pacers, which bring the total number of fast miles for the season to 250, which is but twenty-three short of the number made in all previous years.

Dan T. Morris, the clever young horseman of Paris, Ky., started horses in twenty-four races this season, winning five and getting money out of fourteen others. He will have about a dozen horses in his string next year.

Eleven trotters entered the 2:10 list this year. They are Ralph Wilkes, 2:06; Rylant T., 2:07; Trevillian, 2:08; Azote, 2:08; Phebe Wilkes, 2:08; Lord Clinton, 2:08; Magnolia, 2:09; Strader H., 2:09; Dan Curtis, 2:09; Ellard, 2:09; and Paulino, 2:10.

El Boynton Hall says to step a horse from forging "show with a perfectly plain shoe, or even chickens from head to heel, and I'll vouch for it. He won't force and will go faster and with less fatigue to joints, tendons, muscles, heart, and lungs."

Tommy Dunbar, who drove Vers Capet to victory in the 2:11 pace at the late Lexington meeting, carried the number 13 on his arm, drew 13th position, started on Friday, paid \$13 for the race (in a pool of \$213, finished the race October 13, and had to beat 2:13 three times to win. Who said 13 was an unlucky number?

Louisville Tobacco Market.
Sales on our market for the week just closed, amount to 1,412 hhds, with receipts for the same period, 463 hhds. Sales on our market since January 1st, amount to 143,904 hhds. Sales of the crop of 1893 on our market to this date amount 142,911 hhds.

The sales on our market this week have been small, and there is no material change to note in prices for any grade. Sales of new burley (this year's crop) on our market amount to 29 hhds, the highest price this far realized being \$11.76 per hundred. The recent rains will no doubt result in increased offerings of the new crop the coming week. We change quotations on some grades.

The following quotations fairly represent our market for burley tobacco, (1893 crop).
Trash. (Dark or damaged tobacco) \$2.00 to \$3.20.
Common quality trash, \$3.00 to \$4.00.
Medium to good quality trash, \$4.00 to \$5.00.
Common lugs, not color, \$3.50 to \$4.50.
Common quality lugs, \$4.30 to \$6.00.
Medium to good quality lugs, \$6.00 to \$7.50.
Common to medium leaf \$6.50 to \$8.50.
Medium to good leaf, \$8.50 to \$14.00.
Good to fine leaf, \$14 to \$18.
Select wrapery leaf, \$18 to \$25.00.
GLOVER & DUBRETT.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. S. Lloyd.

A Card.
I hereby offer my services to the public as auctioneer and will appreciate any sales entrusted to me. I give as a reference the business men of this city and county.

HORRY M. GATEWOOD.

Mr. Ed Gallagher, who was defeated for the nomination for Assessor, was in to see us Saturday. He wanted us and the party to know he is a Democrat, not because he wanted preferment, but because his faith is in the principles of the party that he is for the party nominees, and that he cheerfully supports every one of them, because they are Democrats on his own platform.

Pastor Gill preached at the Baptist church Sunday morning and evenging to large congregations. Three persons were received into the church.

For Sale or Exchange.
A nice place of residence property on Harrison Avenue which for sale on easy terms. Will take as part payment on the property, four or five good horses. Inquire at this office.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY ORSELL A COW, A FARM, A HORSE, A HOUSE, A TOWN LOT, CORN, OATS, HAY.

Or anything that a man has to buy or sell. Place an advertisement in the ADVOCATE, and find purchaser or a seller.

Commissioner's Sale.

Clark Circuit Court, Kentucky.

against EQUITY

HENRY F. JUDY, Plaintiff.

Andrew JUDY, & Defendants.

By virtue of judgment and order of sale of the Clark Circuit Court, rendered at the September Term thereof, 1894, in the above cause, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court House door in Winchester, Ky., to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, on

Monday, Nov. 26th, 1894,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day), upon a credit of six and twelve months, the following described property, to-wit:

A Certain Tract of Land

situated in Clark County, Ky., on and near the Winchester and Mt. Sterling turnpike road, and bounded as follows: viz.: Beginning at an iron pin in the middle of the Winchester and Mt. Sterling turnpike road corner to Henry F. Judy and W. M. Clark, thence with the line of said July 4, N. 1, W. 54 32-100 poles to a stone corner, S. 73, W. 46 3-10 poles to a stone corner, N. 1, W. 54 32-100 poles to a stone corner to John Besuden and Henry F. Judy, thence with the line of said Besuden S. 73, W. 52 9-10 poles to the end of a stone fence, thence N. 19, W. 7 92-100 poles to the angle of a stone fence corner, thence S. 71, W. 22 poles to a stake near where a gate post stood, S. 71, W. 29 3-10 poles to a stake at the end of a stone fence near the branch, S. 49, W. 20 5-10 poles to a stake in the Cave spring branch, S. 69, W. 8 4-10 poles to a stake corner, S. 80 degrees 10 minutes, W. 31 4-100 poles to a stake in the branch, N. 73, W. 3 4-10 poles to a fence post corner, S. 16, W. with a line of post and rail fence 84, poles to a point in the middle of the Winchester and Mt. Sterling turnpike road bearing S. 16, W. from a stone pointer, thence meandering the middle of said road S. 69, W. 45 79-100 poles, S. 53, W. 28 poles, S. 57, E. 24 poles, S. 56, E. 4 poles, S. 68, E. 22 7-10 poles, S. 73, E. 9 5-10 poles, S. 80, E. 22 poles, S. 77, E. 17 5-10 poles, S. 84, E. 18 4-10 poles, S. 86, E. 25 8-100 poles, S. 87, E. 20 poles, S. 87, E. 9 poles, S. 84, E. 10 5-10 poles to the beginning, containing two hundred and one acres and one rod of land.

The above tract of land is in a high state of cultivation. It is situated on one of the best pieces in the county and in one of the best neighborhoods. About 44 miles from Winchester. For the purchase price the purchaser, must execute bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. The above property will first be offered in two tracts and then as a whole.

J. H. EVANS,

Master Commissioner Clark Circuit Court.

The Lexington Fall Races.
Meeting will be held November 12 to 19th.

The Queen & Crescent Route is the short and direct line to Lexington, 4 daily trains from Cincinnati. Free Parlor Cars. One and one-third fare for round trip from Cincinnati and stations in Kentucky. Sunday day of races, good till November 21st to return.

Secure your get tickets via the Q. & C. Chas. W. Zell, D. P. A., Cincinnati. O. W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

The subscription price of the Advocate is \$1, when paid in advance. It is allowed to run six months the price is \$1.50.

PUBLIC SALE!

We will sell at Thompson's livery stable, in Mt. Sterling, on

Saturday November 10, 1894.

the following property:

1 pair of work mules, 5 two-year-old mules.

1 five-year-old bay horse, a good one, gentle animal for a lady to drive.

1 three-year-old filly, by Woodford's Cripple, a topsy saddle.

1 new saddle gelding three-year-old.

1 nice harness gelding, three-year-old. Besides other stock.

Sale to begin at 2 p. m. Terms made known on day of sale.

DENNIS & MICHAEL GUILFOIL.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak, and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles will cure you of all the ills that come from a weak system, and it is pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver

Neuralgia, Troubles,

Constipation, Bad Blood

Material, Nervous ailments

Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines between Cincinnati and Lexington 17 miles short of Cincinnati and 17 miles short of Lexington. On receipt of two stamps we will send you a Free Bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

BARGAINS

—IN—

Real Estate.

A FARM of 90 acres on Brush Creek, one and a half mile from Lexington, good dwelling, good barn, and well watered. All in good crops. 3 acres.

9 LOTS on Ferox lake, adjoining Water Works, 300 ft. front. Nice building lots, well located.

1 LOT 20 feet front, on Green street, adjoining A. T. Wood and J. E. Trimble.

1 CORNER and Lot on Queen street, easy terms.

30 LOTS, 30 ft. front, on Highland Park, adjoining Smithville. 40 cash and balance \$2 per month.

All the above real estate for sale at a bargain, and on easy terms. Apply to

JOHN B. PHIPPS & CO.,

Tyler-Apperson Building,

MT. STERLING, KY.

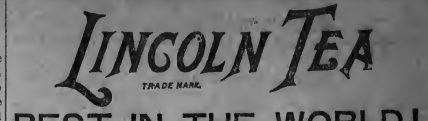
Blue Grass Nurseries.

Orchard. • Lawn. • Garden.

A full stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Small Fruits, Grape Vines, Apples, and everything usually found at such an establishment. Try us on price. We do not sell through agents, but direct to the planter. Catalogue on application.

H. F. MULLENMEYER,

LEXINGTON, KY.



Without a rival for keeping the system in a healthy condition. Cures Constipation, stimulates the Liver and Kidneys. It has no equal as a Complexion Beautifier. Cures Headache and is unequalled for Dyspepsia.

See a fully illustrated eighty-page Lincoln Tea Book given to every purchaser of a package of LINCOLN TEA. Price 5c. Ask your druggist, or Lincolnton Tea Co., P. O. Box 100, NEW YORK.

FOR SALE BY T. H. KENNEDY.

No. 119 Rubber Reverse Pocket Holder, 50 cents each.

We send either of these Gold Pens or Holders, or a Gold Pen and Holder to fit by mail (Postpaid) at our risk, on receipt of price. Gold Pen required for 50 cents each.

No. 4 Gold Pen, \$1.50 each.

No. 6 Gold Pen, \$2.00 each.

No. 8 Gold Pen, \$2.50 each.

No. 10 Gold Pen, \$3.00 each.

No. 12 Gold Pen, \$3.50 each.

No. 14 Gold Pen, \$4.00 each.

No. 16 Gold Pen, \$4.50 each.

No. 18 Gold Pen, \$5.00 each.

No. 20 Gold Pen, \$5.50 each.

No. 22 Gold Pen, \$6.00 each.

No. 24 Gold Pen, \$6.50 each.

No. 26 Gold Pen, \$7.00 each.

No. 28 Gold Pen, \$7.50 each.

No. 30 Gold Pen, \$8.00 each.

No. 32 Gold Pen, \$8.50 each.

No. 34 Gold Pen, \$9.00 each.

No. 36 Gold Pen, \$9.50 each.

No. 38 Gold Pen, \$10.00 each.

No. 40 Gold Pen, \$10.50 each.

No. 42 Gold Pen, \$11.00 each.

No. 44 Gold Pen, \$11.50 each.

No. 46 Gold Pen, \$12.00 each.

No. 48 Gold Pen, \$12.50 each.

No. 50 Gold Pen, \$13.00 each.

No. 52 Gold Pen, \$13.50 each.

No. 54 Gold Pen, \$14.00 each.

No. 56 Gold Pen, \$14.50 each.

No. 58 Gold Pen, \$15.00 each.

No. 60 Gold Pen, \$15.50 each.

No. 62 Gold Pen, \$16.00 each.

No. 64 Gold Pen, \$16.50 each.

No. 66 Gold Pen, \$17.00 each.

No. 68 Gold Pen, \$17.50 each.

No. 70 Gold Pen, \$18.00 each.

No. 72 Gold Pen, \$18.50 each.

No. 74 Gold Pen, \$19.00 each.

No. 76 Gold Pen, \$19.50 each.

No. 78 Gold Pen, \$20.00 each.

No. 80 Gold Pen, \$20.50 each.

No. 82 Gold Pen, \$21.00 each.

No. 84 Gold Pen, \$21.50 each.

No. 86 Gold Pen, \$22.00 each.

No. 88 Gold Pen, \$22.50 each.

No. 90 Gold Pen, \$23.00 each.

No. 92 Gold Pen, \$23.50 each.

No. 94 Gold Pen, \$24.00 each.

No. 96 Gold Pen, \$24.50 each.

No. 98 Gold Pen, \$25.00 each.

No. 100 Gold Pen, \$25.50 each.

No. 102 Gold Pen, \$26.00 each.